Interpreter of Clouds

Manifesto for a Quiet Practice

We do not own the sky.
We only listen to it.

Some see rain, others see weather;
we see messages shaped by vapor and light.
Our task is not to prove, but to perceive.
To read the pauses between the obvious.

An interpreter of clouds does not predict.
They translate.
Each hue, each seam of brightness,
is a word in a language older than air.

We look until we hear it.
We listen until it speaks back.

Sometimes the sky is an archive,
sometimes an eye,
sometimes a choir.
Always it is alive with intention.

To interpret is to remember

that perception itself is a bridge —
between the grounded and the unseen,
between what science names and what wonder keeps unnamed.

So we document not to claim truth,
but to hold space for beauty.
To whisper with the clouds,
and to let the clouds whisper back.

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From the Hidden in Plain Sight field archive